



Blind Peak is an old friend to me. I've been climbing it for years and it's becoming more and more of a friend. Make the climb with me and you'll see why.

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Bishop's Peak

Soon, a time came when it was necessary for both of us to make a horizontal shift across the face from one ledge to another. The maneuver looked simple enough. It entailed edging out around a jutting mass of rock in order to reach the opposite ledge. The problem stemmed from the rock's scarcity of footholds, its vertical nature, and the fact that it hung out over an expanse of rocks and bushes a couple of hundred feet below.

With the safety line attached securely to our waists, Brian crossed first. He made the trip look easy. Now, with him perched safely on the other side, it was my turn to traverse the ledges.

I chose the exact spots on the rock where I would place my hands and feet and then I pushed myself away from the ledge. The first few steps came easily until the inevitable occurred. I had managed to get myself into such an awkward position that I found it impossible to go on. I remained calm despite an intense fear which gripped my body. I felt paralyzed from my waist down.

My mind reeled. Brian had explained that our equipment was the best and that the nylon ropes were designed to stretch some 30 per cent upon impact from a sudden fall. It was assumed that the piton anchoring the ropes would hold tight in the granite. Clinging to the edge, I hoped to hell that I would not have to prove such

an assumption.

Brian gave a few instructions and then coaxed me onward. A cool wind was blowing but my hands were sweating all the way down to my toes.

I let go of the rock and reached grasping for a new hold. Surprisingly, I found one and my feet came clambering in behind me. One more step to go.

I reached out once again, this time to Brian's outstretched hand. He was bracing himself at the end of the rope. He pulled me onto the ledge. I sat down and breathed a huge sigh of relief. Oddly enough, I found the whole incident pretty amusing, in fact, I couldn't wait to encounter another such challenge. Maybe it was climbing fever. I don't know.

As we approached the summit, Brian decided to brush up on his rappelling skills. The rappel consists of pushing off of a vertical face and dropping down along a safety line anchored from above. The maneuver is achieved by means of a double rope passed under one thigh, diagonally across the body, and over the opposite shoulder. I learned that serious rappelling was for the experienced only. Brian, who had climbed many times before, knew just what he was doing.

As I stood watching him slide gracefully down the ropes, my mind wandered. Here I was high atop Bishop's Peak but how much did I really know about this mountain? I had seen it so often from Cal Poly that it had become merely a common sight. It was just one of the nine volcanic plugs located along the Los Osos Valley from San Luis Obispo to Morro Bay. But now it held a different meaning. It was 1,500 feet of challenge and excitement. Tackled correctly, the peak became a lot of fun. Tackled incorrectly, it became a lot of trouble.

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The correct approach comes only from long experience. A beginner can get his start from a knowledgeable friend; or, he can go to school. Locally, Mountain Sports offers a one-day course in basic mountaineering. The newly-formed Mountaineering Club of San Luis Obispo also provides a way to learn climbing skills.



Unfortunately, trouble has taken footing a footing a number of times on the cliffs of Bishop's Peak. There was the account of how adventurous fraternity men had painted the huge white "P" on the eastern slope some 40 years ago.

Since then, the peak has enjoyed a renewed popularity. The fever still drives pairs and teams of climbers toward the top and invites them to glide back down, it entices them to do what they think they shouldn't and then wonder what they will do next.

You're going to like this story

by Paul Tokunaga

Tell me, who, but who, could not fall for a semi-rags to semi-riches story? You? - we'll see.

Cecil Turner... born and raised in the Washington born and raised in the Washington D.C. ghetto... number seven of thirteen children... looked for chances to quit high school at age 16... first of the Turner boys to make it through four years of college... jumped from college to college, coasts east to west... landed at Cal Poly where he became Mr. Everything in track and football. But that's not all. I said this is a semi-riches story. Cecil Turner... plays professional football with the Chicago Bears... led the league in kick-off returns in 1969... selected to the All-Pro team the same year.

Already you like this story-yes? Cecil Turner gave his bonus money to Mom after being selected fifth in the football draft, today he still sends her money to make ends meet. Now we're talking-you're going to love it.

Me-what am I doing writing a story about a professional football player? My sports career began and ended in grade seven when David-someone was the quarterback and I was the end, I guess, and he threw the ball and I was in the end zone and I caught it (on my knees). I made six points only because the defensive back was a friend from Sunday school and he felt I needed it. So, he let me have it. Not exactly all-pro. That, I guess, is the reason I wanted to meet Turner.

I first shook hands with Cecil in the College Union, outside the ice cream parlor. We were introduced by the guy that sits behind me in Bio 102. The intro: "This is Cecil Turner of the Chicago Bears; this is Paul of Outpost Magazine." Great.

"Hi Cecil, I'm Paul." What does a veteran seventh grade tight end say to the All-Pro? "I've heard of you?"

But I was impressed. Anyway, impressed enough to want to write about Cecil Turner. I was pretty sure I had not met a jock and that impressed me. I was going to do a story on an individual, not on a six foot, thirteen inch 400 lb. Marmaduke still growing. I was getting ready to enjoy the job.

First things first: where does one find a professional football player in San Luis Obispo during the off-season, trying to complete his senior project? Madonna Inn? Come on, not riches... semi-riches.

At the Don Motel, 1473 Monterey, next door to Ed's Take-Out, I met the family of Cecil, Margo, and year-old Monica Turner. Not every professional earns a six-figure contract. Playing alongside Gale Sayers doesn't mean you take home a Gale Sayers meal ticket. Being named All-Pro isn't magic, either. That road is long and even though a bright shiny Buick LeSabre provides a sharp contrast to the Don Motel, life for Cecil amounts to a lot more than providing entertainment for millions on Sunday afternoons. A whole lot more.

In mid February, he drove back to Chicago to have the team doctors check out a knee that had been giving him trouble, while the two Turner women spent a month in Texas with Margo's family. Before the last suitcase was packed, I was able to get the feel of the world of professional football—not just making 106-yard record kick-off returns, holding league records, being awarded the game balls; but the dirt between the toes, the mud splattered on the face, the sprains, the water-on-the-knee—along with a few deep looks at how Cecil Turner could handle the pressure of being a professional football player. We talked about the young Cecil Turner, the sporadic student Turner, and the pro-ball Turner.

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A slice of life from that guy on the screen.

Let's draw a draw a picture of the Cecil Turner that 1206 S.E. Savannah Street, Washington D.C. used to know. "It was a ghetto—a real rough neighborhood—the kind where you had to fight just to go to school and come home again. I remember the ten o'clock recess—we used to fight all the time."

He says it was all a big peer group game—if you weren't in the group you were the one who got messed up walking home from school. He learned quickly. At age 10 he knew age 14 material...don't mean book-learning, either. Kids on the block were drinking wine for kicks and street games got a little rougher than football.

The home life: Marcellus and Gladys Turner had 12 other children. Father worked two jobs with the federal government; Mother had to take care of the household. No intimate father-son relationship; no real close mother-son thing, either. There was always food on the table, clothing on their backs, an occasional trip to the beach on the breadwinner's one day off.

Life from about age 10 on was centered on athletics. Cecil Turner...always quicker than the other boys...always a bit more agile...coordinated...and gifted. There was no real effort needed. It was all there.

Pro ball is nice, but it's the system that really gets you down.

Attitude was something else. His goal in life was to drop out of school at age 16...he played hooky with a friend, got caught, and was nearly expelled. It took a major whipping with a big stick from the track and football coach of Spingarn High School to set his wheels straight...Rober McNair. McNair's influence on Turner's life was in the D.C. area. Very significant:—"McNair was the one who motivated me to get through high school."

At a school where athletic machines with the names Dave Bing, Ollie Johnson and Elgin Baylor were produced, Cecil was chosen as the outstanding athlete of his class...no small deal. The pressure to make it big in college was thick. He spent one year at Pratt J.C. in Kansas ("I couldn't stand it there."), then moved to the University of Arizona where after one semester he flunked English and flunked out. From there it was to Alan Hancock College in Santa Maria for one year, then to Cal Poly in 1965. Not too many happy and smooth transitions between Spingarn and Cal Poly but he finally made it over. And once he was here it wasn't necessarily all that tremendous of an experience, either.

Sure, as an athlete he was great. He could do anything. "C. Turner" still decorates many track record plaques in the Men's Gym foyer. Some who have been here for more than their required four years of service will remember the game against Santa Clara where he single-handedly tore apart the highly-touted Broncos in 1967. As a wide receiver

he could do it all on the field. But off—another game altogether.

Today he seems to want to shrug off the things he went through six years ago. But it's not always that easy and some old



memories—not too sweet—have stuck around and he shares them:

"As far as socializing, I've always hated it here. If I had gone to an all-black school there would have been no trouble with the social life and I could have had a good time like all the other kids. All the white kids have all their fraternities and things and I've always liked that kind of stuff. I've always resented the social life here."

"After the game—after playing the game—the few blacks on the team—we would just go back to the shack—the dormitories—Modoc—we called it the shack—and just sit around. There was nothing to do. The white guys though...they'd be out with their girls at parties. That's one thing I've never liked about it here, out I guess the point of going to school is just to graduate. But everyone needs some type of social outlet."

When Cecil was here there but but two black girls at Cal Poly, he remembers.

Sheila and Ernie. There were twenty to thirty guys. It was pretty lonely, he admits, and when he wanted to do something it was always out-of-town, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Richmond.

Has the situation changed any since you've been gone? No, it's pretty much the same, he says. Are the people prejudiced in this town? Ahhh, I guess they are, but I've always gotten along with everyone. I've never had race problems. If someone's prejudiced, I stay away.

Nothing really bitter on the outside. But nothing sweet about social life either. He does remember one person who reached out to him and tremendously influenced his life—track coach Dick Purcell who left Cal Poly in 1970 to coach at University of the Pacific at Stockton, then moved last September to Arizona State University to be an assistant track coach.

"I liked Purcell because he had a lot of drive. He'd come down to the dorms and visit me, encourage me to go to classes. He was a pretty good man...a pretty good person. He kept me on my toes. I liked Purcell."

It was during his senior year year he became interested in playing pro ball. Letters came from almost every pro club. The Dallas Cowboys and the Los Angeles Rams sent letters every week. He thought he'd be drafted by them. Being picked by the Bears came as a shock, as well as a delight.

The money they offered was only fair. \$18,000. A \$5,000 bonus (half went to Mom, remember.) plus gifts plus some life-and-ands in the contract.

Today it's not a whole lot more. Somewhere between \$22,000 and \$25,000 and of course, the life-and-ands.

Was there any fear in getting out? No. He was the smallest guy in the camp but the coaches were amazed at his ability. They told him he would play a lot. There was also a taste of pressure from back home. "When I left the house in D.C. to go to camp, the whole block in the ghetto knew I was going and they were pulling

(Continued on page 4)

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Cecil Turner...

for me. I thought I owed it to them to make the team—besides to my mother and father."

And you know the story—he made it and made it moderately big. (Remember, this is a semi-riches story.) He played with the Dick Butkuses, the Brian Piccolos and the Gale Sayerses. He led the league in kick-off return (106 yards), was selected to the All-Pro team that year.

I think I should qualify this for a semi-riches story. If I waited a few more years to write this story it might turn into a genuine rags to riches story.

The only real security that pro football can offer is a great bundle of money. Bears owner George Halas is not giving. After two more years with the Bears, Cecil will probably not be playing. He claims he has at least five more good years, but he's tired of the system. His wife Margo echoes that feeling: Pro ball is nice but it's the system that really gets you down. The travelling, the ifs-and-ands in the contracts, the clawing for more money. It hasn't been worth it.

What will he do? Maybe be a coach. That's part of the reason why he's here completing his degree requirements in physical education. Or maybe a social worker, that's what he does now in the off-season in D.C. Right now a lot is up in the air. In fact, right now, a lot is riding on the condition of his knee. No security in pro ball.

End of story. I'm glad I've met this professional football player and found a man inside. I can almost say I really know him now. And you: you happen to see a Bears game on TV next Fall. Hopefully, you can stop a minute, even just a moment is fine, and say, "I know that guy running back the kick-off."

That would really make me happy.

Tenure Game:

The academic ace-in-the-hole



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by Jeanne Wiles

Of the score of teachers that play the Hire-Fire Game each year, anybody's guess as to how many of them fall into dangerous points or even points-of-no-return. Teachers come and teachers go, somebody says it's all controlled by some restrictive organization called "The Administration." But the Administration assures you it's not controlled by us at all. What does control the evaluation-retention process? Is it the budget? Is it the State Chancellor? Or, is it something more familiar, personality conflicts?

One certainty exists: the people who are most influenced by the coming-and-going instructors—the students themselves—have little input into the whole picture. Are students just silent, are their voices silenced, or do they even have any idea of what the whole picture is about?

Witness the already-infamous case of the Three Math Professors who were eliminated from the game this year. Dr. Jay Featherstone wears clothes unconventional to Cal Poly instructors and has a hair. Featherstone meets the stipulation of the math department professional requirement—he has his doctorate, and, according to some student sources, he also has good rapport with his students. He is his second year of teaching here. Out of the evaluation given by 22 tenured math department members last Fall, Featherstone received eleven votes urging his reappointment. Eleven other members voted the other way, while department head Dr. Milo Whitson strongly recommended that Featherstone be rehired.

Dean of the School of Science and Mathematics Clyde Fisher gave Featherstone a negative recommendation, offering two reasons. First, he "had found it to be undesirable to recommend retention of a tenured member in a department where there is a significant number of faculty members who were opposed to his remaining in the department." Second, he cited the need for trimming the size of the math department faculty due to shifting student enrollment and budget cuts.

However, some tenured math department members, some members of the Personnel Review Committee (PRC) of the Academic Senate, the ASI president, and students spoke up in protest of Fisher's reasons. Fisher then reversed himself and recommended rehiring Featherstone and another math instructor, Dr. Dennis Zill. When Featherstone appeared before the PRC he was recommended unanimously for reappointment, and was rehired for the 72-73 academic year. In summing up his case, Featherstone stated flatly, "If I hadn't made noise I would have been fired." At the Winter Quarter Featherstone threw a quirk in the whole game by announcing his resignation.

Dr. Dennis Zill was a similar case for concern in the math department this year. Like Featherstone, Zill received negative votes from some tenured faculty members in the department. He says the committee considered false information about his teaching. Again, Featherstone, Zill was recommended for reappointment by the department head, but he received a "nay" vote from Fisher on the basis that the department was overstaffed and that it wasn't a good idea to recommend positively teachers who received negative votes from tenured colleagues. When it was suggested to Fisher by faculty and students that those were not substantial reasons, he reversed his recommendation and endorsed Zill's reappointment for one more year. Zill chose the same path as Featherstone at the end of Winter Quarter—he quit.

A third player in the department ended up at the same place, but got there by a different route. Dr. O.C. Ramsey had negative votes from tenured colleagues and the need for staff reduction weighed against him, as well as at least two additional factors. Ramsey and present math department head, Milo Whitson, have an acknowledged personality disagreement, and Ramsey has said that he is unhappy at Cal Poly and wants to leave eventually. Based largely on this statement and the disagreeable relationship the department head has with Ramsey, Whitson recommended that Ramsey be rehired for 72-73. However, since that time Whitson has resigned as department head to become a full-time instructor, and a new department head has been appointed.

**In the next issue of
OUTPOST:**

An 18-year-old girl talks about her abortion and local medical practices—the when, where and how of the story.

Several of San Luis Obispo's younger homosexuals relate some of the rights to their lives at home, now and in the future.

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ent head has been appointed. In last fall's tenured committee evaluation, thirteen instructors voted that Ramsey be rehired, eight no, and one abstained.

Plaher used the two reasons he gave in Zill's and Featherstone's case, and leaned heavily upon the department head's recommendation in advising non-retention for Ramsey.

Ramsey moved for an appearance before the PRC. He claimed that proper procedures were not followed before the tenured committee members made their negative recommendations. The College Administrative Manual (CAM), section 340.1C states that "each department... shall develop... its own written statement of procedures and criteria for each type of personnel action." At the time was evaluated no such written criteria existed within the math department-the evaluation was simply an off-the-record discussion of an instructor-in-question's teaching performance by tenured members of the department. Ramsey also pointed out to the PRC that evaluative criteria shall emphasize teaching performance but also should include research and creative activity, contributions to the community, contributions to the institution, and possession of appropriate academic training." He sees nothing about personal relationships with either tenured colleagues or the department head. The PRC decided that someone indeed had not followed the rules of game in Ramsey's case, and that someone was not Ramsey. The members gave a unanimous suggestion of reappointment for the instructor, but for Ramsey the danger was not yet over. Another obstacle, in the form of college president Dr. Robert E. Kennedy, rose to halt Ramsey's clear sailing. The first time around Kennedy sent Ramsey a letter of dismissal, but gave himself leeway to change his mind if he felt so inclined after an "informal discussion" with Ram-



y. The two had the "informal discussion" on Dec. 27, 1971, after which Kennedy notified Ramsey that he had been reappointed for 73-74. However, that reappointment carried with it a stipulation that his was be Ramsey's terminal year. Putting it bluntly, he has been fired; he's just been notified of his firing eighteen months in advance.

By no means are the three math department instructors the only ones walking a narrow path in the Hire-Fire Game. They are more hapoken about it than most.

Most teachers are terrified when they find themselves on the edge of a cliff. Fearing a carelessly breathed word may throw them off the edge and out of the game, they keep their collective mouth tightly zipped. And in so doing, they often neglect to avail themselves of their one positive advantage in the game.

Unlike instructors, administrators can never receive tenure. Year after year, their status depends upon the stability of balance they can maintain between pleasing the State College Trustees and pleasing the students who attend the institution they administer.

Such is the delicate tightrope Kennedy walks. If he leans too far to the student side in letting them run things the trustees are unhappy. If he wobbles too far in the opposite direction of being a hard-line authority the students might be unhappy. And when the students are unhappy the trustees are unhappy because the students do things to express their unhappiness in a most indiscreet manner. And when the students express their unhappiness in a most indiscreet manner. And when the students get too indiscreet, Kennedy is out of the game.

For the game to work right it must be played fairly by all involved. Students are involved just as much as anyone else, but in some ways they have not been playing their part at all, much less fairly. Students can perform as allies of teachers receiving an unfair deal; no student can aid a losing instructor who keeps a closed mouth.

Rules of the Game

Any number up to six can play the Tenure Game. If there are two or three of you, one is a teacher and the others are TDFs (Tenured Department Faculty). With from four to six, two are teachers, the rest are TDFs.

To begin, use pennies as markers for the teachers and any larger coins for the TDFs. Put fifty points at the top of each teacher's column on a score sheet. The TDFs start the game with no points; they gain points by landing on a space occupied by a Teacher. They win the game if they knock all Teachers off the board by taking their points. Teachers win when they reach the Tenure circle on an exact number of moves.

The Teacher starts by throwing one die and moving in one direction for the number of spaces indicated. He can select his own route, but must go

through four different evaluations before he reaches Tenure. If a Teacher is trapped or blocked by a TDF he must stop on the space occupied by the TDF. Anytime a Teacher is on the same space as a TDF, or the TDF lands on the same space by an exact throw of the die, the teacher forfeits ten of his points to the TDF.

When a player lands on a Draw space, he takes a Good Move Card if his spin was even, and a Bad Move Card if it was odd. Then he follows the instructions on the card.

As soon as a Teacher loses all of his points, he must leave the game. Teachers gain points by passing through Evaluations. Upon completing a passage through an Evaluation the Teacher doubles the number of his last spin and adds that to his score. Points are not awarded for passing through the same Evaluation more than once.

SUGGESTION FOR HAPPIER PLAYING: Glue the whole Tenure Game playing board and cards to some cardboard or heavier paper before carefully cutting out the thing with scissors.

In a meeting with leaders of the ASSIST (Associated Students Survey of Instructor's Teaching) committee on May 4, Kennedy assured the students that he has instructed all seven instructional schools here to have some system of student evaluation of instructors in operation by next fall. Success or failure of this program, though, hinges upon both the students' willingness to use it, and the reaction of faculty members and administrators to student suggestions. If the student input is viewed simply as a token thing, no one will be the better off.

In the Women's PE department this year at least two instructors are on the weaker side of the Hire-Fire Game. One is Melva Irvin. Now in her third year as a probationary employee, Miss Irvin was considered for tenure earlier this year, and was turned down because she did not meet the department criteria of holding or currently working toward a doctoral degree. However, in a re-evaluation of her situation, it was determined that Miss Irvin had not been teaching as a probationary employee long enough to be eligible for tenure. (An instructor must complete four years of probationary employee status before he may receive tenure.)

Miss Irvin was reappointed for the 73-74 academic year, but a stipulation of her return the following year is that she must show evidence of progressing toward a doctorate. However, she feels when the question of her reappointment comes up again next year some other reason will be found to prevent her from receiving tenure. Miss Irvin is optimistic about her risk in the game, though. She reasons that getting a job elsewhere might be easier with a dismissal from Cal Poly on her record.

Another instructor in the same department, and the same boat is Dr. Barbara Sevier. This is Dr. Sevier's third year, and although she has been reappointed for her fourth year, she may be notified on June 1 that her fourth year is to be her last.

Dr. Sevier received negative recommendations concerning her retention this year from her tenured committee members, department head and the school dean. However, one of the three tenured committee members is the department head, and it is intimated by students that there is a personality conflict between Dr. Sevier and the department head.

Dr. Sevier is one of the instructors who decided it would be more dangerous to talk than to fight out the case on her own. Others keeping her company include a score of temporary employees, hired under the title of Lecturer. When a department is cut, the first employees to go are the lecturers, who are originally hired on a temporary basis with the option of becoming probationary employees if an opening occurs. In the English department, three such instructors stared in the face the ugly possibility of losing their jobs if faculty size of the English department was cut, as was hinted earlier in the year. That possibility does not now appear likely, according to department head Dr. Willard Pederson, but it gave Drs. E.S. Jenkins, Michael Orth, and Mona Roseman some uncomfortable moments earlier this year. According to Jenkins, a budget cut in the English department would not make sense in view of the fact that an increasing number of students are enrolling in the English course offerings.

So the game goes on... and finally... Is it State College Chancellor Glen Dumke that calls the shots? His favorite answer seems to be to fall back on the State College Master Plan for Higher Education... but somebody must have formulated that? Is Dumke autonomous?... surely not, for he must answer to Governor Ronald Reagan, but he is under another set of pressures that influence him? Is it a dream of a perfectly balanced budget? Taxpayers? Big business? Nobody seems to know... but still it hurts when teachers get fired, particularly when good teachers get fired for things like personality conflicts and insufficient funds. And, overall, education suffers by the marriage of her administration to politics.

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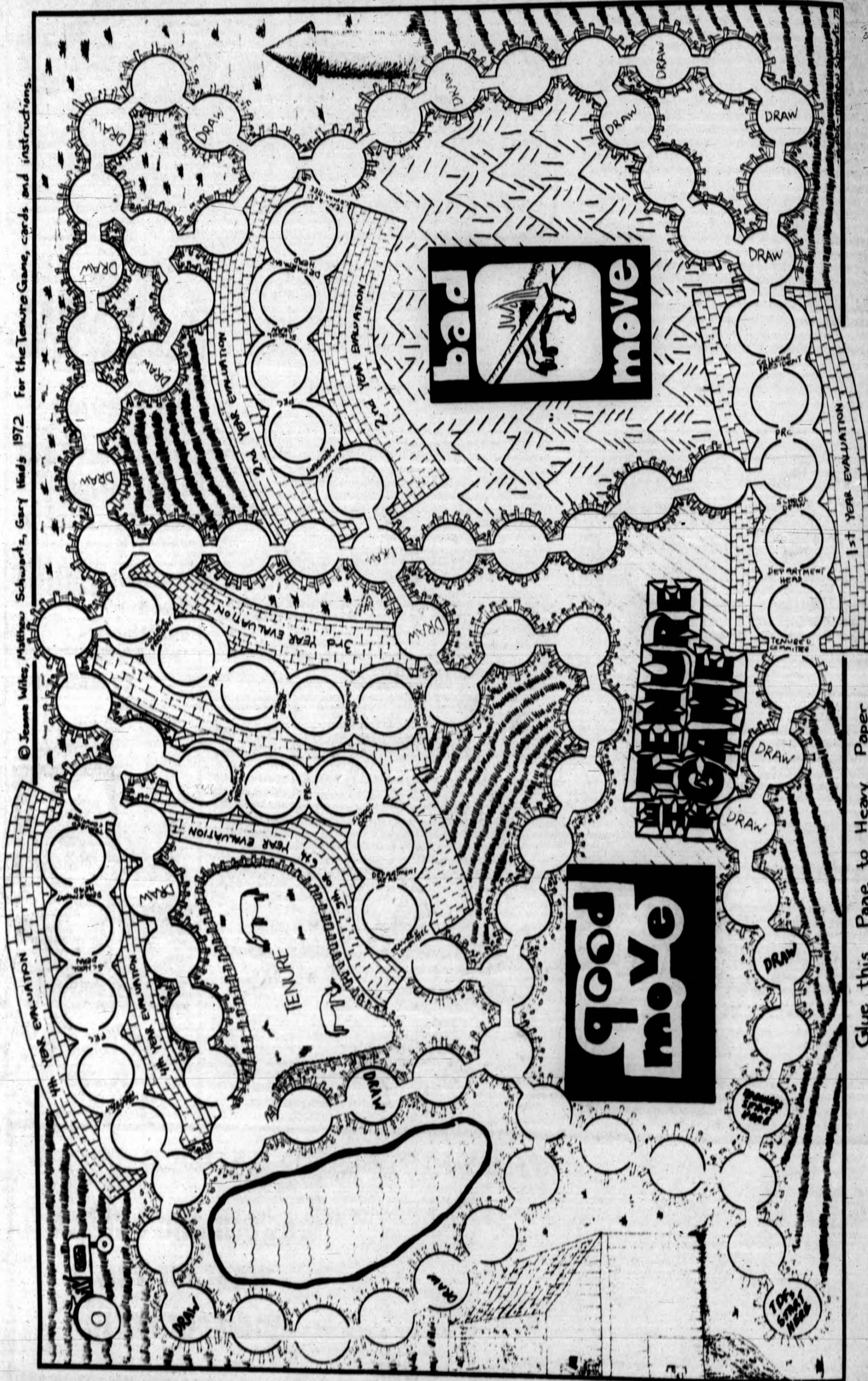
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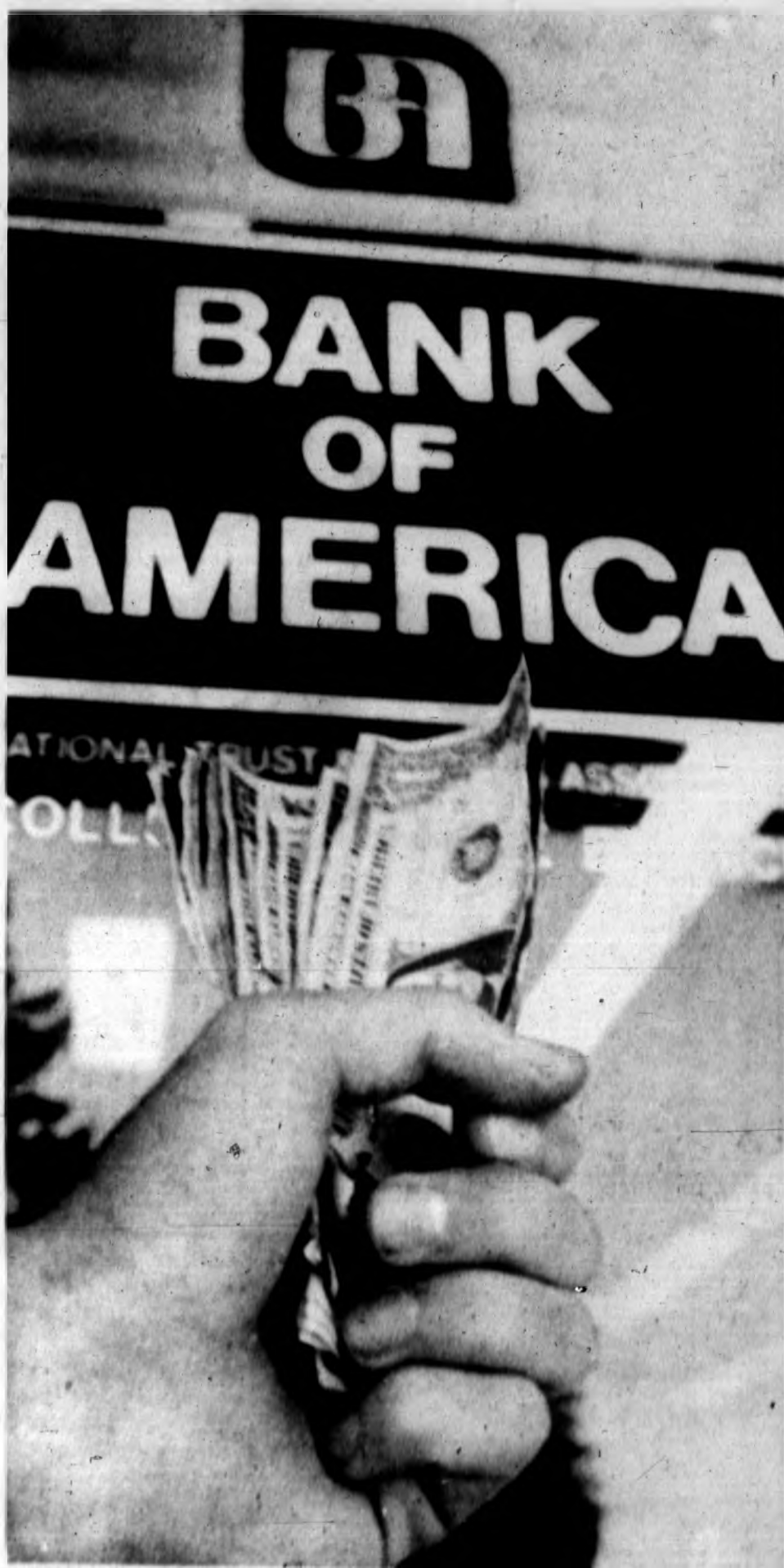
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Chili and Cheese
Mushroom Burger
Onion Burger
Teriyaki Burger
Salsa Burger
Pizza Burger



Patty Melt
Chopped Bacon & Cheddar
Old Faithful
Chopped Onion & Cheese
The ARK
Mini ARK
Chopped Peanut Burger
Poly Burger